

not be realized in your own life but it may yield a rich harvest in the life of your descendants.

Susannah Wesley sang hymns—she loved them and learned them until her mind was saturated with the soul meaning of beautiful songs. Then came her sons who carried to the world messages that they inherited from the mind of a mother whose soul sang with an ambition that she could not attain but which bore abundant fruit in the lives of her sons.

Yes—you and I love life—every one of us—then we must not squander time. We must get happiness out of our work for that is genuine. Our sweet Canadian poetess—Jean Blewett—has coined a wonderful expression—"The Joy of Work." Go down into yonder cells for women and ask them why they are there, and nine times out of ten you will learn it is because they sought a short way to ease—they did not know the joy of work. That matron was wise the other day when she tried to interest a sentenced girl in work. When the girl refused the matron said: "Try to work once—perhaps you'll like it."

The woman is great who utilizes the blessings that God provides. Virtue is contagious, then let us think of the beauty and wonders that surround us for the soul is tinged with the complexion of thought.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books, in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

MISS GRACE BROOKING

A wave of regret swept over Winnipeg and the West when the resignation of Miss Grace Brooking as General Secretary of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. was announced. A year ago this department gave a little review of her great work and as a result Miss Brooking told me recently that many readers of this page wrote to her for advice. At that time I had considerable difficulty in persuading her to give me her picture for this page. This summer a young woman in the West wrote her upon a very personal matter mentioning the fact that she felt she could go to her for advice after seeing her likeness in this department. She liked her face and felt she could trust her. I am sure this one incident must have convinced Miss Brooking that it was well to give us her photo. To be sure there is no artist who can produce that fine spiritual expression that the Master Artist gives to those who trust in Him for strength. There are scores of girls in Winnipeg who are developing into fine noble womanhood because they trusted Miss Brooking when they needed advice. They trusted her for they liked that sweet, sympathetic expression that transforms any face into womanly loveliness. Miss Brooking's place is an unusual one to try to fill for she loved every girl who came into the institution and every girl loved her. There is too much of a tendency among Boards of institutions to value the services of their workers in terms of dollars and cents. The "Business End" is paramount, and very often the "Business End" prospers at the sacrifice of the souls of girls. This is the reason it will be difficult to find a woman to follow Miss Brooking for she possessed both business ability and spirituality. "Not color, line or harmonies Alone can make the perfect whole—Beauty supreme is more than these, It is the flowering of the soul."

NEEDLES AND PINS

Mary's clothes are carefully buttoned and mended. Gladys pins her clothes together. Mary uses needles. Gladys uses pins. Mary knows her clothes are securely fastened so she carries this air of confidence in her work. She moves in a sure manner, and climbs toward efficiency. On the other hand Gladys is not sure about her dress, because pins so easily bend and drop out, and perhaps her skirt is divorced from her blouse. She feels to see if the separation is serious. This detracts her attention and interest from her work, for she is not sure about her dress. This lack of confidence disturbs her work and marks of carelessness appear in everything she undertakes—all because of those pins. Mary's hose are darned. They are of good wearing quality to match her neat, plain business dress. Besides, Mary considers her health.

Gladys wears silk hose only, and ladders extend from her ankle to knee, and a hole in the heel is in keeping with the fringe on her flimsy silk office dress. Oh, yes—everything harmonizes in the outfit of Gladys—fringe and pins and poor, shabby, imitations all hold her down from climbing the efficiency ladder, for careless habits create brain leaks, and Gladys cannot think clearly. On the other hand, Mary, sure and well balanced, climbs steadily upward, until her salary answers the efficiency demand. Mary has on her dressing table a work bag containing needles, thimble, thread, buttons, hooks and eyes, darning wool and scissors. On the dressing table in Gladys' room is a pin tray. Needles or pins—which?

CLEAR VISION

No other country in the world offers so many opportunities as "Our Canada." At this moment I am writing from the verandah of a cottage, from which I see the rising sun cast its golden gleam on a broad field of grain—golden sunlight, golden grain, and golden opportunities for our boys and girls. Out in the country, where we have time to breathe, time to think, and time to see without artificial structures obstructing the line of vision we congratulate ourselves on the blessing of the privilege of being away from dazzling, changing lights and trickish fascinations of noisy amusements. Here, where the atmosphere is free from germs, and is clear and clean—where Nature demonstrates fixed principles, our boys and girls grow in virtue and uprightness. Their own understanding is not cheated by the cunning artifice of sham and display of plastered paradises of pleasures. No, when the sole of the barefoot boy or girl touches Nature's sod, their soul is in closer communion with Nature's God.

Why does this thought impress me so seriously this morning? It is because I am so much with girls who have cheated themselves of their own birthright. Once upon a time I, too, was a country girl and my soul swelled with ambition for a bigger and brighter life. The broad prairies, with their waving fields of grain, inspired me with the bigness of life, and I wanted to fly away to a place where life was abundant in great accomplishments. Like other country girls I thought that place was the city, but God in His goodness did not allow me to leave the country at that time, and I did not come in contact with an environment where human traps are set by human hunters for human girls.

How I long for the power to impress our girls with the value of the power of inner visions. The physical is only outward appearance. One who looks below the surface sees the deeper, more significant value of every honest phase of life. This is what I want our girls to see.

A few years ago a girl came to me from the western country. She was tired of her environment and wanted a place in the city. "I wouldn't marry a homesteader," she said; "I want some one more polished." "You are making a mistake," I said when she told me of a good, honest farmer who wanted to marry her. But she could not see my view of men with great, fine hearts beating under plain clothes, so she began her work in the city. Two years later, when she called on me, a diamond engagement ring flashed on the third finger of the left hand, and she told me of her love affair. I said: "I wish you would not marry him; why do you not go back and marry the man on the homestead?"

"Oh, life is too hard there. There is too much work, and it's too lonely," she exclaimed indignantly. I saw no more of her until this summer. My door bell rang, and Mrs. —, with a beautiful babe, waited my answer. "Oh, Mrs. Hamilton," she urged, "have you just a minute to spare?"

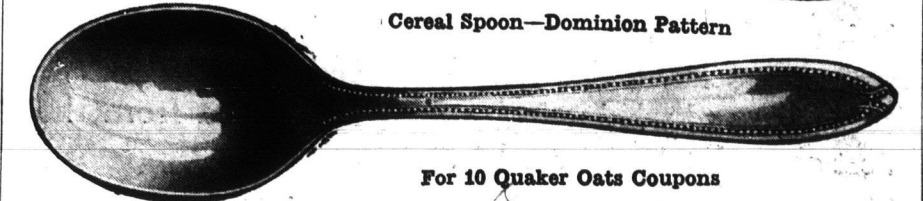
I listened to her story. It was a familiar one to me. Her husband had deserted her for a painted female temptress, and she was left alone in the city—stranded.

Is there a woman on a western homestead as lonely as this deserted wife in the city? Is there a homesteader's wife who works as hard as the city mother of a family, who has to struggle for their support by scrubbing and cleaning out dirty offices, where men swear and swear at her as she labors out her livelihood on her knees, while her pinched boys and girls fall down the tempter's slippery stairs?

Quaker Oats Premiums

SILVER PLATE—JEWELRY—ALUMINUM

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them. This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Make Good Things Energizing

Pancakes

Why not make pancakes energizing, by using Quaker Oats? They will then supply folks phosphorus and lecithin, so needed and so rare.

Folks will like them just as well—perhaps better than without oats. And they'll get a good which other pancakes lack.



Cookies

Why not make cookies out of Quaker Oats? It will make these much-liked wafers a vim-creating food.

Quaker Oats cookies taste better than flour cookies. They are rich in elements which other cookies lack. Why not make these tempting pick-ups beneficial to the boy?



Cereals

Why lavish cream and sugar on foods that don't deserve them? If you serve a cereal only once a day, why not make that serving count?

Consider food values—human needs—in these foods that people like best. Make them more than tempting dainties. Make them Quaker Oats conveyors.



Quaker Oats

THE ENERGIZING LUXURY

Nature gives to oats a flavor other cereals lack. Apparently she does this to make oats inviting. For she stores the grains with energy, with needed minerals and with food for growth.

We can't improve on Nature. But we pick out her choicest grains. In Quaker Oats we use the queen grains only—the finest one-third of the oats.

We roll them into large, white, luscious flakes. Thus we get from Nature's oats a multiplied delight. Many grain-made dainties are most delicious when made of Quaker Oats. And their value as foods may be doubled.

But use this premier grade.
Large Round Package, 25c
Regular Package, 10c
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